

The Curse of Honesty

by Wildheart of Obelisk Blue

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Summary: "I'll get there with the curse of honesty and the truth is, I loved you more than words but didn't know how to prove it." Those were the words Ward replayed in his head. The words that he had wanted to tell Skye all along, but never could. But now he might be given another chance. Skyeward! Redemption story! AU after the part where John Garrett is recognized as the clairvoyant.

1. Chapter 1

****A/N:**** Whew! It has been a hell of a ride to get to the point of finally starting to publish things again. I was gone for probably a good 6months, and was only writing the chapters on my own computer but never getting around to finishing them as life caught up to me and I got preoccupied with something else, then new inspiration hit me! I stumbled upon "Across the Board" and "Retaliation for the broken", two of the greatest Grant Ward redemption stories I've ever read! They motivated me to get back into the game, and even though others might no longer want to see Grant Ward redeem himself, I still mourn for the way things went between him and Skye. So here we go, one more time for Grant Ward!

****A/N 2:**** This story is not even close to canon, and is very AU + the ages of certain characters might not be accurately displayed and characters might be made younger for the sake of ease as I don't exactly want to go ahead and make a redemption story that revolves around Ward redeeming himself for 20 years and him and Skye getting together when they are both 50 or something. Don't get me wrong, I like the "proper" redemptions in which it takes A LONG TIME for Ward to redeem himself, but in my story these two may or may not figure things out while they're still young ;). Anyway! With all of that out of the way, time to get to it! Enjoy!

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><p>Agents Of S.H.I.E.L.D

****The curse of honesty****

****Chapter I****

"I'll get there with the curse of honesty and the truth is I loved you more than words, but I didn't know how to prove it." Those were the words Ward kept replaying in his head as he laid on the cold hard ground after being punched in the face by none other than S.H.I.E.L.D's very own, Reaper. Reaper who? Reaper, or Jason Reap by his real name, was the prison warden at the notorious F.R.I.D.G.E. S.H.I.E.L.D's high tech prison designed for high value targets such as Hydra Leaders, mad scientists with a plan to dominate the world, and also apparently a prison for Grant Ward. He'd been held captive here, ever since the uprising of Hydra, which by Ward's count - which was no longer even close to accurate - had been a month ago, and the only communication with the outside world Ward had had in these days, had been the friendly face of Reaper coming in every morning to deliver him and other captives -or "Nazi scum" as Reaper called them - some blows to the face from his unforgiving fists.

"I'll see you tomorrow, Wart" Reaper said as he once again left Ward alone in his dim Jail cell, consisting only of a very primitive mattress and a thin blanket. 'Wart', he hated that name. Ever since Ward had been a child other kids had called him Grant Wart, the cancer of his community. Now looking back, they might as well have been right. After all, he was nothing but a failure and a traitor. That's what Ward told himself everyday. Everyday until something changed.

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"Time for yet another beating." Ward thought as he heard the approaching footsteps, that conveniently stopped right before his door.

"Up." Said a male voice from the other side of the cell door. It was standard procedure. The prisoner was asked to stand up, then face the back wall of the cell, as Reaper walked in and started mutilating them with vile punches and kicks to both, the body and the head. Ward was pretty sure that the S.H.I.E.L.D protocol denied the right to mutilate prisoners for the mere pleasure of doing so, but it seemed as if the F.R.I.D.G.E and its brutal warden were off the charts in that department.

"Face the back wall and go stand next to it, please." Now that was not standard procedure. Yes, it is standard procedure to put the prisoner facing the back wall, but the "please" at the end, and the tone of voice used was far, far away from standard. Ward did as he was told and soon he could hear the door unlocking, but unlike he expected, there was no fast rush in and a punch to the back of his head, nor was there a kick to his lower back. There was only silence.

Ward waited and waited and waited. Until a minute or more had passed, he was scared to look behind him, as he thought this was some kind of elaborate plan of Reapers to punch him in the face as soon as he turned around. Eventually the temptation was too big and Ward slowly turned around to see his cell door still unlocked, and just outside

of it stood non other than the man himself. Phil Coulson.

"Hello Grant." Coulson stated. His face emotionless, and voice cold and determined to not give anything away. Grant was lost for words. He couldn't speak. He couldn't budge.

"Are you perhaps in a mood to talk ?" Coulson asked politely, but Ward had spent enough time with the man before that he knew Coulson was being fake, and didn't actually offer him a choice.

"Yes, sir." Ward replied quickly. Too quickly in fact. He had also added the "sir" at the end of the sentence too fluently. Coulson was no longer his boss. He never really had been. But still, Ward for some odd reason had to add the "sir" at the end of his sentence. And now there was a weird look in Coulson's eyes. It only stayed there for a second though, and then vanished. As quickly as it first came.

"Good." Coulson finally replied after a small silence. Signaling Ward to follow him into the corridors of the F.R.I.D.G.E

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It had been multiple days since Ward had talked to Coulson, and not inside his wildest dreams could he have imagined what the man had had to offer. The man came to ask for intel, in exchange for a therapist for Ward. "A therapist ?" Ward had repeated after the man suggested the deal. "Are you crazy ?" He had continued to finish his point. Eventually Ward had agreed to it though, and so there he was, sitting, or more like laying on the therapists chair.

"Hello Grant, or should I call you Ward ?" The therapist, a woman by the sound of her voice, said as she stepped into the dimly lighted room.

"Both work fine." Ward replied bluntly.

"We have a lot to talk about.." The woman didn't seem interested in introducing herself so Ward started answering her questions.

One by one, the questions came and time slipped away. Hour after hour. Answer after answer. First only short, one or two word answers. And by the third week of his treatment, each question was digging so deep, that Ward had to use atleast 15 minutes of answering to just refer to his earlier answers and events, with some of his answers taking up to an hour, for fairly simple and straight forward questions even.

Questions he could have answered with a few words had he wanted to. But once Ward started to open up he broke like a dam that had been holding enormous masses of water back, and poured everything out at once. That was, until his therapist asked something very out of the ordinary.

"So.. for all the trouble you've caused to the team, would you like to repay them, and redeem yourself, if you had the chance?" The woman asked, and like normally acted like it was nothing strange to ask.

Ward was stuck. Yet again. They had only talked about his personal

past, and time with Garrett and Hydra, but suddenly the subject changed to his future and possibilities ? That was strange.

Yes. He regretted his actions. Yes. He deep down wanted everything back to the way it had been before Garrett had decided to finally play his hand. And yes, deep down he knew, that the team no matter what would be the closest thing he had and ever will have to family, and therefore the regret that he had on betraying their trust, especially Skye's and Coulson's was devastating.

"Yes." Ward finally answered.

"Duly noted." The therapist answered.

"Looking into your file, one of the team members was slightly closer to you than the others? What were you two exactly?" The woman asked.

"Do you mean May?" Ward blurted back out, confused at the whole situation.

"You tell me Ward.. You tell me.." The woman answered, only raising an eyebrow in question.

Ward knew who he really had wanted though. It had been Skye.

Always, ever since the first day she stepped on the plane she had been mesmerizing, amazing, wonderful, gorgeous, intelligent, kind, caring, she had been herself. Skye was the person Ward had wanted, and he knew that that hope of a relationship with her had never died away, but he had put out the flame with his own actions, and now she probably hated him. And so Ward answered.

"Yeah, it must be about May, there was no one else.."

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A few weeks passed with no therapy and Ward had been put back into the old abusive routine of waking up every morning to Reaper using him as a human punching bag. Today was the last day that was going to be, little did he know of it of course, yet.

The door slammed open with no warning, and Ward expected to be put in solitary confinement due to Reaper constantly threatened to make Ward suffer even more, whatever that meant. But instead, in charged Coulson.

"Get up." Coulson demanded. Ward quickly shot up and stood with the best posture he could in front of the man.

"I have only one question, and you have only one chance to answer. Am I making myself clear ?" Coulson interrogated.

"Yes."

"If you take up on my offer, I would prefer the sir to be at the end of that statement. Ward, do you want to be a part of the team again?" Coulson asked.

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Ward still couldn't believe it to be true. Half an hour ago Coulson had marched back into his cell and offered him a spot on the team, under extremely heavy probation though, which seemed to have started with Coulson attaching some kind of bracelet onto Ward's wrist, and a tracking chip onto the back of his neck. Ward got the feeling he was some kind of robot, looking at the two pieces of technology that were supposed to prevent him to cause any harm to the team. Not that he would. Never again would he hurt the team members. That's what he had promised to himself as he had left his Jail cell and climbed on board Lola, Coulson's red Chevrolet Corvette.

And so they were well on their way towards the Bus. The huge plane that had served as a transportable home and shelter for the team while on their missions across the globe. The plane where Ward had first met Fitzsimmons, the plane where he had, for the first time in his life felt like he belonged. Until Garrett had decided to play his hand, and Ward had blindly followed his every single order.

They finally arrived at the plane after a 30 minute drive, or should he say hover - Coulson's corvette wasn't exactly the most normal one on the planet.

"It might be better if you don't say a word and let me do the talking" Coulson said as they both stepped out of the car which was now automatically slowly driving itself onboard the plane's hangar. Ward nodded his answer and so they both stepped in. The first one to see the arrivals was non other than Fitzsimmons.

"How lovely to see you again sir!" Simmons exclaimed as she saw Coulson arrive, apparently not noticing that Ward was with him.

"We didn't even notice you had left until we were waiting in the mission room for today's op." Fitz continued.

"It's fine guys, we have a day off anyways." Coulson replied with a gentle and friendly voice. Only then did Fitzsimmons realize who Coulson had brought with him. Their eyes locked onto Ward and stared at him with pure hatred and anger in their eyes, accompanied with something that Ward couldn't quite recognize.

"What is he doing here ?" A voice spoke, Ward recognized it instantly. It was not Fitz, nor was it Simmons. It was Skye. She was standing at the top of the stairs that lead into the second story that had the plane's living quarter's aswell as the mission room and Coulson's office. She stormed down the stairs and rushed towards Ward. Ward dropped the training bag he was carrying, not sure what to expect from the girl. What he got was probably what he deserved though.

As soon as Skye reached Ward she hit him with all of the power she could get from her body and the punch landed straight onto Ward's lower jaw. It hurt. A lot. She definitely had gotten better, probably because May had started to teach her. Regardless of the pain that ensued from the punch Ward didn't budge. Her eyes were storming with rage, hatred, anger, disgust, and probably a thousand more negative feelings that she had towards Ward.

"You should've never come back." Skye continued. "I wish you were dead, no. I wish you have never been born." She finished and marched

back up the stairs with Simmons going right after her.

"She's going to check on her, sir." Fitz provided an explanation, however the young scientist's facial expression hadn't changed and it was still harsh.

"Get yourself settled Ward, you'll be sleeping down here." Coulson pointed at a mattress they had laid down onto the plane's hangar. "Trip has taken up your bunk so you can't sleep there."

Ward couldn't help but feel replaced. On so many levels. His bunk had been given to Trip, and who knows what Trip and Skye's relationship was like now that Ward hadn't been here. So with a heavy sigh, he settled down onto the mattress and started to unpack his stuff.

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><p>AN:** Not too bad of a start I hope ? Please review, it helps to keep me motivated :3 anyways, see you guys in a couple of day with Chapter II!

2. Chapter 2

A/N: First of all, thank you. Thank you to everyone who reviewed, favorited, and / or followed, it means the world to me! ^^ Secondly, I replied to all of the reviews with a PM (If I missed your review, I'm sorry!), but there were a few reviews left by guests whom I couldn't PM. so to both of the guests, thank you for reviewing, I am sure glad you guys liked the first chapter and I hope you guys will stick around for much more to come! Now onwards to the second chapter!

A/N: Erhm, just as a quick side note, the words "I'll get there with the curse of honesty and the truth is, I loved you more than words but didn't know how to prove it" are courtesy of a rapper known as Witt Lowry or Witty. The words are lyrics from his song "Wonder if you wonder" so huge props to the man, and I hope he is ok with me quoting some of his song lyrics as a part of Ward's lines. Also, whenever you see the "***:" **it means that either the scene or perspective in the story is changing, just F.Y.I. Now for real though, I proudly present: Chapter II!

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><p>Agents of S.H.I.E.L.D

The Curse of Honesty

Chapter II

Ward laid down on his mattress contemplating on his decision. _"Was it a good idea to say yes ?" _he pondered in his mind. _"No it wasn't a good idea"_ said the selfish part of him, the only part the team probably saw of him. The part which always just wanted to act sheepishly and follow orders and not to take any responsibility. The part that said, _"No, don't stay. They don't want you here. It's not worth the fights and the bruises." _Another part of him was quietly protesting though. A part of him, he had only found recently. The selfless part of him. The part that was willing to protect the team

with his life, even if every single person on the plane hated him. The part which wanted nothing more than a chance to redeem himself, to do good for once in his short, yet complex life.

"I see you've settled in." A voice could be heard from just outside of the plane where Trip had appeared and was making his way inside.

"Yeah, wasn't exactly a whole lot of moving to do." Ward replied, a bit awkwardly. Trip scoffed at that.

"Well, yeah. Just know that even though everyone else here is on the edge of wanting to kill you, I'ma treat you like a human being, but one wrong move, and I'll be right there with 'em." Trip explained himself, and was already making his way towards the living quarters like he just spewed out nothing of any importance.

"Trip, wait." Trip stopped at the door, slowly turning around. "How'd you know I would be here?" Ward continued.

"Coulson told me." The agent replied after a short silence. "I think I was the only one to know, well besides May anyway." That got Ward into thinking. May hadn't showed up when Coulson had brought Ward back. Maybe it was for the better though, she might have punched the living shit out of Ward.

"Alright, and Trip. Thanks." Ward finished. He swore he could see the other agent smirk a little at that.

"No problem Ward, besides I need someone that I know I can beat in sparring. Getting real tired of getting thrown to the mat by May every week." Trip threw back just as he stepped through the door into the living quarters.

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"What is he doing here? Who the hell does he think he is?" Those were the questions running through Skye's mind as she laid on the bed inside her bunk, the small room that she was given when she first joined the team during her time as a Rising Tide member. It was not much, just a bed, a small work desk where she could setup her computer, a few drawers and a window with a view to wherever they were at the moment. It was small, but it was cozy.

A clear knock could be heard on the door and not long after, it slid open and in peeked Triplett.

"Hey! I hear there's someone here that might have been missing me..." Trip teased.

Skye jumped off her bed and rushed to hug Trip. It had been about two months since she had last seen the young agent as he had been running on different errands across the globe, but now it seemed that Trip was finally back on the bus and part of the team again.

"Oh my god! It's been forever!" Skye exclaimed, still hugging the man. She eventually let go realizing Trip was having trouble breathing with Skye squeezing him.

"So I was thinking, since I've been gone, maybe after I've taken a

quick shower and put on some cozier clothes on we can watch a movie? You can pick it, as long as it's not Titanic.." Trip proposed, slightly teasingly.

"Sounds good." Skye answered. "Now go get that shower tough guy." She replied while covering her nose with her hand. Triplet smirked and nudged Skye playfully before leaving her alone again. In that moment all of her worries and questions to and about Ward, disappeared.

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It was late in the night. _"Probably over 12PM"_ Ward guessed as he stood up next to his mattress, arching his back in an attempt to stretch his tense and sore muscles. After a brief workout, which consisted of a huge variety of exercises, such as hitting the punching bag, more hitting the punching bag and even more hitting the punching bag, Ward decided it would be time for a quick snack before bed, hell he hadn't had food for a whole day, due to the quick departure from the F.R.I.D.G.E, and so he headed up the stairs and opened the door into the living quarters.

He entered the living quarters and was amazed at how little things had changed, it was almost as if nothing had ever happened. Only some new wall panels and a new server room it seemed like, as he made his way towards the kitchen. As he got closer to the lounge area -complete with sofas and a huge flat screen tv -he could hear voices originating from there. Slowly making his way towards the lounge he recognized the voices as Skye's and Trips. He decided not to break their moment and instead of walking in he hid behind the closest wall and eavesdropped.

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"I had a great time." Triplett said, smiling at Skye.

"Me too." Sky replied, smiling shyly. And then it happened, Trip tried to lean in and pull Skye in for a kiss, but Skye pulled back, rejecting the young agent.

"Wow, hold on there cowboy.." Skye said, this time the smile on her face clearly a result of being thrown into an awkward situation.

"I get it, you dont want me." Trip said, with clear disappointment in his eyes, as he got up and marched back towards Ward's old bunk.

"Trip it's not like that!" Skye tried to explain, but Trip was already gone before she could finish her sentence.

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He couldn't believe what he had just heard. Trip and Skye were a thing?! Inside he felt a little piece of his heart die, but his brain caught up quick and made him realize that what he was feeling and thinking was stupid. Skye had every right to have moved on. She had every right to be whoever she wanted to be with.

Ward walked out of his hiding spot, and noticed that Skye wasn't paying attention towards the way he was coming from. Maybe he could

sneak past her, and pretend like he never heard a thing, but almost in an instant that hope was lost as Skye turned around to see Ward who was still frozen in place. He could clearly see the hatred start to boil in her eyes, the longer he stood there. He wanted to say something. He wanted to apologize, he wanted to come clean. Right there and then, but he couldn't. He knew it wasn't the time and place for apologies of what he had done, and still, he opened his mouth to say:

"It seems like a lot has changed, hasn't it."

"Yeah, and who's fault is that?" Skye answered, with her voice cracking halfway through.

That was two sided, to say the least. He could have meant that she hadn't wanted things to change, or maybe she had meant that things really hadn't changed and that he just thought so, but the part of Ward's brains that was still thinking clearly answered with the thought that would become his conclusion. She was just exhausted, sad and angry at Ward, and that she still hated him just as much as he thought she did, after all for good reasons.

He wanted to defend himself, and also to apologize for his wrongs, just to start with, but all he got out was:

"Look Skye.."

"Don't bother Ward. I don't want to hear it, and neither does anyone else on this team. You are just a liar and a coward Grant Ward. That's what you are. You lied to us about who you were. Nothing you showed us was real. Hell, you probably even lied when you told me about your childhood. You are just a sliver of a human and 99% manipulated piece of garbage." Skye finished, now standing only inches from Ward's face. Her eyes were burning with emotions, but Ward couldn't quite put a finger on what they were.

Ward watched as Skye made her way into his bunk. No. Into Triplett's bunk where the man was apparently awake because he could hear the words of the young agent as Skye walked in, the door didn't slide into a completely closed state so Ward could hear them speak loud and clear.

"What, look Skye I didn't mean to.." Trip's voice was cut off for a few seconds. Small while later he continued. "Wow. Just wow."

Ward guessed that she had probably kissed Triplett, probably as well as she had once kissed him, maybe even better. He wanted to vomit, he was no longer in the mood for food, and instead went back to his bunk, and that night that he was supposed to spend in preparation for the mission that they would get tomorrow, he just spent awake imagining all the- in his opinion terrible - things that Skye might be doing to Trip.

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The following morning was horrible, Ward hadn't had any sleep, no food the day before nor any breakfast and the plane was already in the air so there was no chance to just run away and hide for ever. The whole team, apart from May that was apparently in the cockpit of the plane steering, had gathered to the Mission control room in to go

over their next op.

"So, our next operation is not going to be as simple as we hoped for." Coulson started. "It's going to involve a high value target, and an 0-8-4 that maybe the most dangerous, yet useful one we have ever found."

"So what is it exactly that we are doing, sir?" Ward asked. The whole team's eyes shot towards him and he knew he shouldn't have said anything. After a long awkward silence Coulson broke it by finally saying.

"The 0-8-4 we are going to go after is known as the Curse of honesty, or more familiarly known as the truth serum."

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><p>AN:** Sorry for the fairly short chapter, the next one is going to be way longer! (explanation below) Again thanks a ton for the support and reviews, keep them coming and let me know if you liked it or if there is something you'd want to see! Or maybe just review to keep me motivated, haha :3 ! Anyways, until next time, peace out!

**!Minor / Major Spoiler!: **Skye and Trip arent a thing. They are more like Miles was to Skye when she first got into S.H.I.E.L.D. Trip's just a fling, nothing more, Skyeward is still the pairing, dont worry. :)

Explanation for the short chapter length: I wanted to cut this here so that the next chapter, Chapter III, could be one complete chapter and a whole 4000 to 6000 words long! If I had included this to it aswell, I would have had way too long of a chapter and I wanted the next chapter to be complete so that I didn't have to cut it from the middle or something so you guys got left with this.

End
file.